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THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER. XXI.—*(continued.)*

CLARA was sitting alone at work as he entered the parlour, he advanced towards her, she rose from her seat, a faint blush covered her cheek, she attempted to speak, the words died away inarticulately upon her lips, and she again sunk into her chair. The evident agitation of her manner, her confusion and alarm, escaped not the observation of Clanrick; but, determined at once to put an end to all mystery, he placed a chair, and seating himself by her, took her hand.—"Clara," said he, "my dear Miss Walsingham, my beloved Clara, why this needless alarm, why this agitation, you are pale, you are languid, you are terrified; for God's sake tell me, how have I offended you?" Clara spoke not, she replied not.—Clanrick threw himself at her feet—"When last I had the pleasure of being alone with you, I was, it is true, unconscious of my own actions; carried away by the impulse of the moment, believe me I meant not to offend you.—O who, in such a conflict between despair and passion, could retain self command! Clara rose from her seat, she attempted to quit him, but he still held her hand; again she strove to speak, but again her utterance failed. Lewisham continued as follows—"At the commencement of my acquaintance with you, my heart was fully sensible of your virtues; I loved you, Clara—Heaven only knows how ardently, how fondly, how sincerely I still love you!" Clara withdrew her hand, the colour in her cheek was changed to livid paleness, yet she endeavoured to put on an appearance of composure.—"My then unfortunate situation," continued he, "precluded the possibility of addressing you with honor; and I quitted K—— with precipitation, because I dared not trust my heart within the sphere of your fascinations, and because I hoped to obtain some advancement which might render me worthy of you."—"Lord Clanrick," said Clara, interrupting him, "why this recaptulation?"—"A moment's patience, madam, answered he, "and I have done; I mean not to be obtrusive." Clara would again have spoken, but he went on as follows—"Our first interview in London if it might be so called, was not, I fear, calculated to give you any favourable impression of my character; my subsequent conduct was less so; yet candidly credit my affirmation when I assure you, that in both cases, appearances were deceitful." Clara again rose from her seat. "This conversation is improper," cried she angrily, "highly improper; I insist on being permitted to quit the room, I need no exculpation of your conduct—to me it is indifferent."—"Yet hear me only a moment," said he, "and I have done for ever!" Clara, no longer able to support herself sunk into the chair.—"I was now," said Clanrick, "thrown frequently into your society, which I found but too dangerous and alluring; and I had no longer the resolution to avoid you."—"Netterville," exclaimed she, softened by his energy, "of what use is this retrospection? I am sorry for your situation; yet, believe me, bars, the most insurmountable bars, will for ever separate us!"—"Oh! it is too true, I see," said he "I know it all, Mathuen, the fortunate Mathuen——"—"Hear me, Netterville, hear me for the last time, for I will never again suffer my ears to be violated by sounds like these,"—"Am I then so hateful," asked he, walking about the room with violence, "is my love so very hateful? Am I indeed so despicable? Is it indeed true that you hate, despise, and scorn me?"—"Oh Netterville!" returned she, bursting into tears, "for your own, for my sake, be composed, and hear me; I do not hate you—Heaven is my witness, that I would sacrifice life for your happiness; I have no partiality for any one human being which could give you a moment's concern, be satisfied with my friendship, it is yours—bars the most fatal, the most insuperable bars, will for ever divide us; ask me not continued she, "what they are, demand not of me an explanation, which will convulse your soul with horror—be satisfied with knowing that they do exist, and that an awful interdiction is between us—from this moment you are my brother!" she extended her hand towards him.—"Never!" cried he wildly, striking his clinched fist against his forehead, "bid the tempest be calm, the impetuous torrent to roll backwards, the ocean to be still; as soon shall they obey thee! No, my soul is not capable of feeling towards you the calm and dispassionate sensation of brotherly affection; let my strong, my agonizing emotions speak for me; let my convulsed frame, my quivering limbs, my throbbing heart, plead for me; and if you have a spark of tenderness in your nature, tell me, I conjure you, tell me what it is to which you allude, and do not torture my soul with agonizing

apprehensions."—"In your present state of mind, answered Clara, "it would be almost madness to tell you any thing; when I see you composed, when I see you collected, when you make a proper use of the understanding which the Almighty has gifted you with, I may perhaps condescend to talk to you—till then adieu!"—"By heaven!" exclaimed he, with violence, "you shall not leave me; I will know, I will hear every thing, every mystery shall be solved at once; were death to be the consequence, I must, I will know to what you allude!"—"For God's sake!" exclaimed he, throwing himself at her feet, "tell me, do not drive me to distraction, my soul is torn with frenzy, my heart is lacerated with anguish!—O Clara, Clara, I acknowledge your power over me, be merciful, abuse it not; fondly, tenderly, ardently loving you; doating on you to distraction, every thought of my heart has long been fixed on you; for you its hopes, its wishes, and its sighs, are daily wafted to the throne of heaven; unblessed with you, losing every hope of your love, death, despair, and madness is the certain consequence!—No bar can be strong enough to separate us; if you do but love me, no power on earth shall disunite us!" Clara put her hands to her ears—"I dare not, I cannot hear you, my whole frame is agitated, my soul is convulsed with horror; as you value my eternal peace of mind, leave me this instant!"—and she abruptly moved towards the door, he stood before it, and again entreated her to hear him.—"Heaven is my witness," answered she, "I would, if possible save you the pang, which you thus force me to inflict—how severe will it be, when you reflect, that you have added to the misery of one, who is fondly, tenderly interested in your happiness who would rather, much rather die than give you a moment's pain." She hesitated.—"Suffer me to leave you—I cannot—indeed I cannot reveal the dreadful truth!"—Clanrick caught her hand.—"O it must, it must be known!" cried he.—Clara cast her eyes on the ground—"Lord Newark is my father!"—Clanrick let her hand fall, he groaned audibly, sobbed in a convulsive manner, and rushed out of the room, and into the street in the same moment; while Clara, terrified, and dreading the eye of observation, hastily staggered up stairs, and locking herself in her own apartment, threw herself on the bed and wept bitterly.—"It is over," sighed she, "the so much dreaded explanation is over!" And rising from off the bed, she threw herself upon her knees, and lifting up her pure heart to him who is the consolation of the afflicted, she prayed fervently for strength of mind, both for herself and Clanrick; she entreated to be restored to that enviable state of composure and indifference which she had once possessed, and which, under affliction, can only be gained by the practical christian, and the consciousness of well-doing—she lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Disposer of events, who had opened her eyes, ere it was too late; and consoled herself with the reflection, that they had neither of them been intentionally guilty, and that Providence marks not those errors which are the offspring of ignorance.—"This cruel, this dreadful mystery once explained," cried she, "shall we not soon learn to feel for each other only a pure and lively friendship?—shall we not soon reduce our feelings to a proper and rational degree of esteem?"

The morning's agitation, and the consequent anxiety she had (nay still) suffered, on Clanrick's account, precluded the possibility of going down stairs to meet the scrutiny of Miss Nutcombe, and she pleaded indisposition as an excuse for her non-attendance at the hour of dinner; Miss Nutcombe sent her some up stairs, but Clara found herself unable to swallow a morsel; and after composing her appearance, she went into the chamber of her grandfather, where she continued the remainder of the day. Mr. Nutcombe, though apparently improved in his health, had not regained one spark of recollection, and still lingered on in a state of insensibility and idiotism, to which death would have been a relief.—Here Clara in vain attempted to abstract her thoughts; the countenance of Clanrick, wild, distracted, and forlorn, still presented itself before her; she still saw him, in imagination, scarcely recovered from his illness, pale, dejected and unhappy; she beheld his altered features, his emaciated frame, his haggard looks, his convulsive agony, as he had that morning rushed from her presence; and terror, in spite of every effort to repress it, took possession of her soul; she trembled at every sound, was alarmed by the least noise in the street, and gasped for breath at the opening and shutting of the door; until at length a violent head ache, the consequence of alarm and terror, obliged her to retire to bed, where pain, apprehension, and disquiet gave way to momentary forgetfulness and she sunk into hurried and confused slumber.—What was the reality of her waking affliction, to the images of horror which fancy conjured up to appal and terrify her!—During the visions of the night, she beheld Lady Newark, raving in madness and desperation for the loss of her son—she saw Lord Newark, pale, miserable and unhappy, weighed to the earth by the pressure of calamity and distress, lifting up his eyes for consolation and support "to scenes of happier hope, to lands of brighter joy,"—"whither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner fly for relief, and lay their burdens down."—She saw Lord Clanrick stretched on the bed of death—beheld around him the pompous insignia of mortality—saw his manly, his animated countenance bereft of expression, stiff, cold, and insensible—she started, trembled, and awoke, in universal terror and agitation—the sound of footseps alarmed her; they came nearer, they approached her apartment—she listened, hesitated, shrunk under the bed cloaths, again listened—her terror and agony increased, she jumped out of bed, and went to the door, exclaiming—"For God's sake, who are you?—Why do you not speak?"—A figure in white stood before her, she heard it breathe distinctly, yet it spoke not, it answered not.—"If you wish," cried she, "not to drive me to madness, I beseech you, I conjure you, answer me!—For mercy's sake, speak!"—"O Miss Clara!" replied a voice, which she immediately knew to be that of her own maid, "is it you? I verily thought it was a ghostess—I declare I do so quaver, and shake—my poor master is ill—Miss Clara, he's dying—nurse Willis says as how that he can't hold it but a little longer—he's all over in a muck of sweat—and then he's so cold and compulsed—O Miss Clara, Miss Clara! Did you ever see a ghostess?" Clara heard not this simple question; but hastily throwing on her wrapping gown, she flew to her grandfather's chamber, who was, indeed, in the agonies of death, yet still in a state of insensibility; no beam of recollection awoke, no sound, but deep and audible groans, proceeded from his lips—convulsion followed convulsion.—Clara was obliged to turn away her head, she felt a faintness and shivering come all over her, she tottered, reeled, and sunk senseless on the floor; no one noticed her situation, no one flew to her assistance, every one was too intently occupied with the melancholy situation of Mr. Nutcombe,

whose convulsions were almost too violent for the strength of his attendants; he rose from his pillow, glared wildly round him, and sunk at once into the arms of his sister—never again to rise! ——Clara gradually recovered from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen, when the awful scene before her recalled, in some measure, her scattered thoughts; she acknowledged the transitoriness of all sublunary enjoyments—and while she beheld the pale and distorted features of her grandfather—while she recollected that the lifeless frame, which she now saw, had been once gifted by animation, the world receded from her view—Clanrick was in that moment forgotten; and she hoped that the trials which were appointed her in this mortal life, would be a means of weakening her affections from it, and strengthen her dependance on a better, and more permanent state of felicity—she again sought relief, by unburdening her full heart in prayer; and soon after retired to her room, where, overcome by lassitude and weakness, she enjoyed some hours of sound repose.

CHAPTER. XXII.

UNABLE any longer to repress her anxiety, Clara, as soon as she rose, dispatched Zephania to the house of Lord Newark, under pretence of informing his lordship of the death of her grandfather; but, in reality, to learn how Clanrick had borne the shock of the preceding day, and ardently desirous of receiving the first intelligence on this subject, she forced herself into some sort of conversation with her aunt Gertrude, who began in a dull and monotonous manner to descant on the proper length of their mourning; and with perfect composure, harrangued on the manner in which the funeral ought to be conducted:—"I have been looking," continued she, "amongst my things, and have found several little articles which will be highly useful on this occasion;—see, here are two yards of black flowered crape; these will look lovely for a bonnet—added to which I mean to have a buffont and a little gimp, which I have also got; and with the taste of Mrs. Modish, in putting all together, it will be quite genteel." Clara agreed for once in her aunt's opinion, merely because she would not be at the trouble of answering her; and the old lady proceeded—"And I think, niece, it would be both proper and decent, to hire a new footman on this occasion,"—Clara looked surprised—"Zephaniah is both old and ugly; and besides, you know he will not wear black; and then he is so miserably aukward, there is no bearing him near one's person: now, a modern footman is so genteel, so easy, degage, that he can do a thousand little things for his mistress, which such an old fellow as that is quite incapable of. Now, Lady Frisk's Orlando, if his lady drops her glove, is as quick as lightning in picking it up; if her fan falls, Orlando presents it to her; if her shoe-string is untied, Orlando can do that too; he dresses her hair, assists at her toilet;—in short, is his lady's factotum. Now, that is exactly the sort of attendant I want. Orlando is also a good reader; and when his lady is alone, he reads to her some work of wit and humour."—"And does Lady Frisk really permit her man-servant to be her companion?"—asked Clara—"Why not, child?—but hear me, niece, I think it absolutely necessary, that we should each of us have a footman to lean on when we make our first appearance at church."—"I, at least, madam,"—answered Clara, disgusted with her affectation, "shall be able to support myself." "Miss Walsingham," said her aunt, "did you ever hear of a deep mourner without an attendant?" "I have always seen it on the stage, madam; but as we are neither of us actresses, I should think, in so sacred a place as the house of God, it might be dispensed with."—"I, however, am not disposed to dispense with it, Miss Walsingham,"—answered the enraged spinster; "and, since you are so very economical, I must take the liberty of begging my friend, Lady Frisk, to lend me her Orlando; for my part, I now wonder at nothing—every proper and decent custom is abolished; the principles of the age are relaxed in every respect; and not the least attention is paid to decency or propriety."—"I should think it highly indecent, madam,"—replied Clara, "to be seen loling familiarly on the arm of my footman; but, as in all probability I shall not again make my appearance in the church of St. Martin, you may have the assistance of Zephaniah, who, I doubt not, will, to oblige me, put on a black coat for one day."

Zephaniah now entered the room, and the conversation ceased;—Clara trembled, yet anxiously enquired for the family in Cavendish-square. "Lady Newark is very ill,"—answered the faithful domestic; "Lord Newark was from home; Lord Clanrick has not been in the square during the night, and this has thrown his mother into fits,"—"He is in some house of ill-fame, I suppose," said Miss Nutcombe. "How can you be so uncharitable?" asked Clara, tears starting into her eyes, "rather suppose some accident has happened to him; rather suppose him dead."—"Dead!" said Miss Nutcombe, "dead, I say dead! what a fuss every one makes with him; I hate such affectation—fits, indeed about nothing!—he'll be home by and bye, never fear."—"Oh madam!"—said Clara, "can you wonder at a mother's anxiety for her child! and such a son, so good, so amiable, so engaging!"—"Yes, yes, I dare say, all you girls found him engaging enough; yes no doubt, all of you were setting your caps at his title, when, not a few days ago, you would have turned up your noses at him—well, well, this is the way of the world!"—"I will go," cried Clara, "I will go this instant to Lady Newark—she must want the consolation of friendship."—Then I, Miss Walsingham, am to be left," said Miss Nutcombe, "in a state of horror, of distress, of anxiety?"—"Anxiety! about what, madam?" asked Clara, unable to comprehend her. Anxity! yes, Miss Walsingham, to be left in such *dreadful* distress, with my poor brother lying dead in the house—the will unopened—without society, in a fatal and forlorn solitude."—"Send, madam," said Clara, "for any friend you please; for my own part, I am resolved to go immediately to the Square." So saying, she ordered the carriage, and retired to her own apartment to wait its approach; her limbs trembled, her whole frame was agitated, yet she did not weep; she threw herself on the bed; she again rose; she walked about the room in inexpressible terror and anxiety; she strove to collect her scattered ideas; alas, in vain! she attempted to hope——

——"While hurrying thoughts
Started every way from her distracted soul
To find out hope, and only met despair."

(to be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

When Themistocles went to Andros to demand a sum of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, *Force* and *Persuasion*." He was answered, "we have two stronger, *Want* and *Impossibility*."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. III.

"To hold as it were the mirror up to vice."

REMARKS on the infamous practice of DUELING constitute the 3d number of the READER'S GLEANINGS. These remarks were published a few years ago over signature of *Civis Mundi;* but their very limited circulation, their pertinence, and the present rage for dueling, will justify a re-publication at this juncture. Every reader of the Repository is respectfully solicited to give them an attentive perusal.

W.

"Exalted Socrates! divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave!
Too noble for revenge! which, still we find,
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind."

NOTHING surely is more replete with absurdity, nor more strongly characteristic of the wretched impotence of man, than his propensity to be hurried away by the violence of anger, and to be governed by the impetuous dictates of revenge. Under the direction of those two dark and malignant passions, he becomes the involuntary instrument of horror, blindly pursues the rapid footsteps of destruction, and swiftly marches down the precipice of misery. Reason, that divine spark of omnipotence, is inveloped in clouds of inpenetrable gloom, and overruled by the irresistible fury of those discordant affections.

When this description of so horrible a convulsion in the human mind is considered, and when the dreadful effects of it are deliberately examined into; two things at once are suggested to the understanding. We are struck with dismay at finding ourselves capable of so much violence; and impressed with the necessity of eradicating early in life, what might otherwise prove a source of the most diffusive calamities. But the natural imbecility of man, interposes to prevent the execution of his intentions. Every day his resolution grows more languid; and although he thinks himself secure from the assaults of passion, he is soon found unable to resist the violence of its first attack. Surprised and confounded at being thus suddenly defeated, in the midst of his fancied security; he resolves, after the first commotions of anger have subsided, to watch the insidious invader with more assiduity, and, for the time to come, to be always prepared to repel his assaults. For some time, this determination has its proper effect, and acts with a becoming restraint on his life and manners; but time blunts the edge of recent resolution—at an unwary moment, the fierce but treacherous fiend, enters again into the heart, overthrows the fair fabric of virtue, and reduces the mind to its former wretched state of ungovernable fury. Thus unsuccessful in the beginning, the soul becomes accustomed to defeat; loses the courage and resolution necessary for the protection of virtue, and gives way, at length, to the prevalence of passion. Like a ship, destitue of a pilot, scudding before the wind in a storm, and liable every moment to founder on a rock: man gives himself up to the government of anger: suffers himself to be driven which ever way its fury shall direct him, and is every moment in danger of committing some act of violence, which shall disgrace his nature, and bring him to an untimely end.

That this is the case with most men, is very apparent from all their actions; from this source spring those tumults and disorders with which the world abounds—those tragical acts of public and private revenge, with which history is replete. From this source, too, that polite monster, duelling, obtains its origin—so pregnant with all that it is justly reprehensible. Here lies a field for a real critic to make his animadversions. A practice so destructive, illegal, and unjust, ought to be exposed with all the force of the keenest satire, and all the arts of severest criticism.

Duelling can never be justified on any pretence or occasion whatever. It is directly opposite to every suggestion of reason, to every dictate of wisdom, and to every precept of divine revelation. It violates in the most open manner, a possitive command of Jesus Christ, who, when he came into the world to save it, likewise proclaimed peace, and, under the severest penalties, enjoined a strict observance of this command. Whoever engages in a duel is a rebel to nature and his Creator. He boldly bids defiance to the injunctions of heaven, to the known principles of conscious duty, and sacrilegiously pulls down what the divine Saviour of the world built up. Whoever, therefore, engages in a duel, ought to expect nothing else than the divine vengeance as a punishment for his presumption. He ought to expect it as an example to deter the rest of mankind from similar acts of disobedience.

The law of omnipotence being thus against the practice, what must be the future situation of any one perishing in the violation of it? Cut off in the very act of rebellion, how can he expect mercy? Convulsed with the united commotion of anger and revenge—torn with the agony of rage and disappointment, distracted with a thousand dark and gloomy sensations—can he be in a proper state of mind for the enjoyment of heaven? Can a creature, in this terrible predicament, enter so pure a place as Elysium? Let those, whose wanton folly, and violent natures, precipitate them so frequently into this truly alarming practice; consider the consequences that must eventually flow from it, and I am persuaded they will at least abate in their resentments, and endeavour to overcome their passions.

Another very powerful objection to duelling occurs on this occasion. It hath been asserted by some very learned persons "that duelling is the result of cowardice." If this position could fairly be established, one would think, that all men would immediately lay aside a practice having so infamous an original. Yet, notwithstanding this reflexion, and the seeming paradox contained in the assertion, nothing is more certain, than that it is established on unalterable truth. The fear of censure—the dread, lest the mad voice of our intoxicated associates should be against us—the agitation of mind at supposing ourselves pursued by the derision of the debauched, the corrupt and the wicked—make us fly from every emotion of reason and humanity; trample under foot the suggestions of nature, and, like madmen, rebel openly against our divine Parent—Benefactor—and Friend!—Nothing, in all nature, militates more forcibly against the dignity of man, than his being capable of such an incomparable excess of folly, meaness, cowardice, and ingratitude! Every good man ought surely, therefore, to reject the offer of a duel, as a thing, if accepted, that could not fail to entail on him the just censure of all reasonable beings. Nay, every brave man ought for the same motives to reject it—since the offer seems to imply, that he is capable of being driven from the post assigned him by his God, to escape the unworthy condemnation of a corrupted world. The hero fears only his God. He bears every calamity with courage, and resolution—stems the torrent of a malignant world, and by despising its attacks, establishes his own fortitude and courage, and dignifies his name with the laurels of immortality.

Let us now examine the practice of duelling, as it relates to the rules of reason, and the precepts of worldy wisdom. In all cases, where injuries have been sustain-

ed, redress is required, as a right, which reason teaches us to expect and obtain. But is it not a very unreasonable mode of obtaining this redress, to expose ourselves to the hazzard of much greater injuries? Is any thing more inconsistent with common sense, than the adopting a practice, which puts the aggressor on an equal footing with the aggrieved? Surely, to give a chance to him who has already done you a violence, of adding to it the highest act of outrage, "in order to obtain satisfaction" for the first trangression, argues the highest degree of lunacy, and the most finished madness. Shall he, who has wantonly endeavoured to stab your reputation, to destroy your good name, and to render you an object of abhorrence among your fellow-men—shall he who has dishonoured your daughter, your sister, or your wife, be allowed the privilege of taking away your life, if possessed of superior skill in fireing a pistol, or managing a sword? Shall he, after having done those base acts of injustice, have a chance given him to close the black catalogue, by the last triumphant act of villainy?—Let that custom be execrated, and forver branded with infamy, which puts it so much in the power of the abandoned aggressor, to triumph over the innocent injured man.—Were the world in a state of lawless anarchy—were there no legal methods of bringing offenders to justice, this custom might be, in some degree, pardonable. But in countries the most civilized, and well governed, where the law is open for the punishment of those who violate the peace, such a custom has not the shadow of an excuse to be urged in its favour. Even in a state of absolute anarchy, duelling would be an unreasonable method of obtaining redress; for it is much more consistent with natural propriety to inflict a punishment, adequate to the crime committed, without leaving to the person punished, the smallest opportunity of adding to his offence; than to put the guilty on a footing with the innocent. Thus, he who had destroyed what was thought more valuable than life, should, upon this principle, be punished without the least previous notice or the smallest means of defence.

But—there is a generous sentiment in human nature, which forbids such bloody executions, and withholds men from executing, in this manner, what must be deemed by all, the most rational kind of vengeance. But this generosity of nature degenerates into the worst of extremes, when it leaves the innocent and the oppressed at the mercy of the guilty oppressor. We are far from wishing to introduce the mode of vengeance above pointed out. But were it even to take place among mankind, it would of two evils be only choosing the less criminal and absurd.

But the divine admonitions of scripture, teach us, what methods to pursue, in all such cases of animosity. The Saviour of the world has set us a glorious example for the government of our hearts, when inflamed with rage, and shewn us how we are to act when we are offended by our fellow creatures. He has enjoined us to forgive our enemies, to pray for them, and to bless them! He has himself done it before us, and now sits at the right hand of his father, soliciting forgiveness and mercy for those very persons, who put him to a cruel and ignominious death. And shall we not imitate this truly illustrious example? Shall we not strive to elevate our minds above the dominion of those dark, malignant, tempestuous affections of the soul, that we may in some degree resemble our great Preceptor, whose brightest ornaments, and most distinguishing characteristics, were mildness and peace? The greatest victory of Alexander and of every other conqueror since the creation of man, would be obscured by the effulgence of that victory, which gave such a conquest over ourselves?

Forgiveness of injuries is not only repeatedly inculcated as a duty by the divine benefactor of mankind; but is likewise necessary, in order to our enjoyment of the least tranquility in this life. He whose heart is torn with anger and blackened by revenge; who abandons himself to every transport of passion, and allows his bosom to be filled with rage and malignity, must already have a lively experience of future torments, and be given up, in a limited degree, to the excruciating pains of hell. But he, who banishes those noxious passions from his heart,—who carefully watches against the sudden gust of rising anger, and quells the rude monster, before it has time to deform his soul,—who makes it a point, instantly to forgive, and never to resent an injury—not only quells the troubled commotion within him, and calms the discordant sea to rest—but likewise partakes, in a most interesting degree of the elevated rapture and felicity of heavenly enjoyment. Execrations will pursue the footsteps of the vindictive; whilst blessings, and wishes for prosperity and long life, in boundless profusion, will accompany the peaceable, righteous, upright man.

Mutual resentments are, of all things, the most unreasonable, and productive, generally, of very distressing and very fatal consequences. They destroy that amiable benevolence of mind, so becoming humanity, and gradually prepare it for the malignity of a devil. They root out of the heart those social feelings of friendship and affection, on which the happiness of human life so intimately depends, and substitute in their room, rancour, bitterness, and remorse. That pool which was originally transparent, becomes muddy with agitation, and is soon the source of nothing but pestilent and noxious vapours. In all animosities, carried to an excess, there is injustice on both sides; and amidst the fierce exchange of mutual injuries, there ever remains a balance of oppression and violence on one side, to be expiated by the other. The progress to this ultimate result of all dissensions, may be traced without difficuliy. Pride, at first, will not allow the person injured, to put up quietly with the offence given—in the heat of anger, therefore, resolves to retaliate the injury. Not being a proper judge in his own cause, and being animated with resentment, he carries his vengeance farther than the trangression deserved. His adversary now becomes more irritated than ever, magnifies, in his own eyes, the injustice he has met with, and abandoning himself to all the unjust fury of retaliation, repays the offence with redoubled interest. Mutual violence ensues; and their animosity is often terminated only by the most tragical disasters. The original transgression having been thus lost amidst a succession of ruder outrages, and the sense of it almost totally extinguished in the mind, by that of more recent and intolerable injuries, it is no wonder that the several acts of retaliation should take place without a due attention to justice. Amidst the confusion produced by the operation of the most violent passions of man, it is impossible but that justice should be violated, and consequently, there ever must remain a balance of vengeance due from the one side to the other. Thus, one party ultimately proves the greatest aggressor, the other, the greatest sufferer. When the state of things is deliberately considered, it will finally appear best, ever to remit an offence in time; for it is always easier to put up with the first indignity, which,

comparatively speaking, is a slight one, than with a succession of insults and outrages. The anguish of fostering revenge in the heart, and the pleasure of getting clear of the apprehensions of such a situation, are likewise very powerful motives to regulate the conduct of rational and immortal beings. From these reflections, it is evident, that in all cases where resentment is prosecuted with mutual violence and animosity, the innocent and original sufferer will at all events fare much worse, than if he had quietly acquiesced in the first act of injustice done to him. Hence the unreasonableness of mutual resentments.

There is another weighty reason, why we should early forgive any injury we suppose to be done to us. The most accurately just man on earth, is not allowed to be a proper judge in his own cause. The invincible attachment to self, will make him magnify into wrong, what was never so intended. Thus, perhaps, by hastily resenting a supposed insult, he commits the first offence, and accordingly becomes the aggressor. Nothing, surely, can be more unhappy, or ought to be more industriously avoided, than a rupture with a fellow-creature, on such a foundation. In this instance, rash and inconsiderate resentment is productive of consequences more to be lamented, than in cases where the origin of the offence can be more clearly determined, and its degree of enormity more unequivocally delineated. We are concerned for the mistaken fury of those, who abandon themselves to the dictates of what they suppose a just resentment;—and cannot help being deeply interested in behalf of those, who suffer without having ever intended an ill.

But the highest and most exalted of all motives for the remitting the offences of others, is, that it is made the express condition, on which our own offences are to be remitted. It is so necessary a part of our duty, that the Saviour of us all, has interwoven it in the body of our daily prayer—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," that we might thereby be perpetually reminded of our obligation to discharge it: and it is very wonderful, that any person capable of the least share of religious consideration, should overlook this stumbling-block to his salvation—for unless we can cheerfully pardon the offences of others, we, by our very prayers, stand condemned for our own.

Viewing the subject then in all the light, wherein it can be rationally considered, we are forced to confess, that it is at all times best to be slow to anger—to forgive our enemies before the sense of resentment has taken too deep root in our bosoms, lest the wound, not soon healed, should gangrene and become incurable.

"For every trifle, scorn to take offence,
"That alway shew great pride, or little sense,
"Good nature and good sense must always join;
"To err, is human—to forgive divine!"

For the Philadelphia Repository.

REPUTATION.

"O reputation, dearer far than life.
"Thou precious balsam, lovely sweet of smell,
"Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand,
"Not all the owner's care, nor the repenting toil
"Of the rude spoiler, ever can collect
"To its first purity and native sweetness."

A GOOD name among fellow creatures is a desirable thing to any person of reflection, who has not become exceedingly hardened in vice. As we increase in a knowledge of the manners and customs of the world, we more and more see the great utility of an upright character; and a desire to preserve ours as such becomes deeply implanted in our nature. Hence we are induced to pay attention to our conduct; and as we demonstrate in our dealings with others, that we act upon equitable principles, we establish, in their estimation, the character of honesty and probity. We thus gain their esteem, and a free intercourse with them is promoted to our great advantage.

When a person, especially in setting out in the world, appears to be endeavouring to arrive at such an establishment, it is cruel to misrepresent his conduct, or undermine his character. I view defamation a greater immorality than theft: For, if one man rob another of property, the looser mostly may regain an equivalent by industry: but reputation is not so easily recovered. When a man fraudulently takes the property of another, he does it with a view of converting it to his own advantage; but the destroyer of reputation is not actuated by a desire to benefit himself; he is rather actuated by a desire to injure another, by depriving him of that which can be no way beneficial to any other.

Detraction is too common among "good sort of people:" I judge if they were to examine it, and see its consequences, their sensibility would sometimes shudder, as they trace them into remote and obscure corners of wretchedness. Ye then who possess philanthropy, beware of thus indirectly injuring your fellow creatures: let some topic, less exceptionable than the frailties of mortals, be the subject of amusement.

These remarks are made for the sake of those only, who feel a regard for virtue and justice in their dealings with others. There is another class of people who are intent upon deception: on decisive evidences, a disclosure of their dangerous practices become necessary to public and particular safety.

EQUITUS.

LOVE AFFAIR.

AT the last Session for Ipswich, James Payne and his friend Lot, were tried on an indictment for a joint assault on Sarah Anne Morgan. This cause, from the beauty of the lady, and the singularity of the case, excited much attention. Payne had for some time paid his addresses to Miss Morgan, with the approbation of her mother and her father-in-law, Carrington who keeps the Rose, public house, in Ipswich; but from some interested or capricous motives, the father-in-law withdrew his consent. The young lady, however, persisted in her attachment, the ring was bought, and fitted on her finger, whilst she wished that her hand might rot off if ever she gave it to another: the banns were published at Woodridge church, where they intended to marry. She told her lover that she was going to drink tea with her aunt, who kept another public house in Ipswich, to which a post chaise was ordered to carry her off. When she arrived at the chaise door, her heart failed, and Payne, with the help of the driver, lifted her in. Her aunt's hostler, however, rushed out, and stopped the horses, while the timid and disappointed lover suffered his intended spouse to be handed out of the chaise, after having stopped her mouth with one civil kiss.

Such is the versatility of human nature (we must not say fickleness of the fair,) that Miss Morgan was induced to prefer an indictment against her lover and his friend Lot, who had no further interfered than by beckoning her out of her aunt's kitchen, where she was twirling her hat upon tip-toe of expectation.

The sentence passed by the learned Recorder (Mr. Alderson) was, that Payne, the lover, should be imprisoned

for one year in Ipswich Borough gaol, and pay a fine of 20l. to the king! and that Lot, whom, in his address to the jury, he compared to the trumpeter in the fable for summoning the fair one to the field of action, should pay a fine of 20l. and be imprisoned till the fine was paid.

A NAME TO TRAVEL WITH.

[*Translated from the German.*]

SOME young men in Germany, fond of wagering, lately being in company with a Doctor Viereck, of Berlin, to whom they were strangers, they affected to disbelieve that Viereck, (signifying four-square, or fore-corners,) could be his real name; and finally offering him a considerable bet that he could not obtain a passport from Berlin under that name; it was accepted and the next evening was appointed for the decision of the wager.

It should have been observed, that this party being three in number, each of them, according to a preconcerted scheme, took care to present themselves for a passport, one by one, before the Doctor could possibly make his appearance. "Your name, Sir," said the officer at the gate to the first. "*Square*," said the other; being entered he was ordered to pass.

The second of the party afterwards making his appearance, and being asked his name answered, "*Two-Square*."—This name the officer entered also, after exhibiting some marks of doubt and hesitation. It then came to the third to make his appearance. "Your name Sir." —"*Three-Square*."—"Three-Square," replied the officer. "are you jesting?——In a word, the firmness of the applicant obtained him a passport.

But now, behold the different fate of the Doctor, the object of this dupery. Arriving soon after, and being asked his name, and giving in that of Viereck, or *Four-Square*, the officer lost all patience; he swore he had been imposed upon by the whole party of Squares, and, therefore, instead of granting a passport to the *Herr Four-Square*, he was consigned over to the guard-house; where he was obliged to remain all night, and it was not without some difficulty that the matter was adjusted on the day following.

ANECDOTE OF DR. WALKER.

DR. Walker, professor of Natural History at Edingburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, is not a little finical in his dress. His hair dressing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk, of Pennycuick, he stopped at a country barber's shop on the way in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey his numerous directions, which he received: with astonishing patience did he for three hours curl, and uncurl, friz, and labor at the doctor's hair; at length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Why, in all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, except *the mad Minister of Moffat!*"

A FABLE

FROM THE ITALIAN.

The *Rose* and the *Jessamine* affected to complain of the *Oak* as a nuisance, and fancied that Nature ought not to have created *Roses* and *Jessamines*.

THE noble tree, shaking the majestic honors of its head, thus answered the arrogant and querulous complaints:—Cease, trifling impertinents, cease your frivolous cackel about merits which probably will not last until to-morrow: As for my part, I have seen so many of you die and be forgotten on this charming spot, that ye hardly seem to be alive at all—ye ornaments which might well be dispensed with;—ye whom the gardener himself scarce bestows a thought upon whilst he is at work, I, on the contrary, both when the thick falling hail batters round, and when the summer scorches every thing that it comes near, yield an agreeable shelter to the shepherd and all his flock?—lo, hundreds and hundreds of years have already passed by, since the hungry herds were first fed with the useful nourishment that falls from me; nor will despair possess me, when the loss of my leafy honors and the drying up of the vital juices within me, shall announce that my end is near; for I know that after that limit, I am destined to plow that ocean so terrible to every thing else, and return charged with foreign treasures to these dear shores. Lesbin, half-witted. red-heeled, perfumed, silly Lesbin, proud of a fine coat alone, and despising men of sense who have it not; canst thou not see thy own semblance lively pourtrayed in my flowers? But thou shalt see it soon, for the same fates are waiting thee to thy home.

GLUTTONY.

ALL that gluttons devour above what nature requires, is entirely at their own expence. A sensible prince having asked his physician, how much daily food was required to support the body of a healthy man, and keep up its strength, the physician replied that one pound was enough; such quantity being very well capable of supporting him; and if he took more, the consequence must be, that he must support it.

ANECDOTE.

THERE is now living in Virginia an idiot, who was never known to make any sensible observations, except that he could always tell when the moon changed. A lawyer, wishing to make a laugh for himself and companions, asked, "when will the sun change,"—"When lawyers go to heaven," replied the fool.

Philadelª, *Oct.* 27, 1804.

CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, will be held at the usual place on Wednesday evening next at 7 o'clock precisely. Punctual attendance is solicited.

SAMUEL S. WORTH.

MARRIED—On the 18th inst. at the Friends' Meeting at Middletown, *Enra Comly*, of Byberry, to *Sarah Strickland*, daughter of John Strickland of Bucks County.

"What shall divide the pair whom love hath join'd
And heaven hath form'd with sympathy of mind?
Shall grovelling fortune basely interpose,
To part those hearts where mutual passion glows?
Forbid it Love!"——

——On Thursday 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *John Silence*, to Miss *Mary Jackson*.

Gay as the morn, when dusky night unarms;
Maria shone in all her native charms,
Sweet innocence her tender breast array'd,
And love and virtue own'd the beauteous maid;
All! all the graces round her person clung,
And sweetest harmony flow'd from her tongue:
Yet all those virtues, hers and nature's pride
She yields, alas! with *Silence* to reside;
For cunning damon dares assail the prize
And every art assiduously applies—
Applies successful, gains the yielding fair,
Secures her charms and makes those charms his care
Ah, cruel Damon! it was thine to prove
How great the bliss to gain *Maria's* love;
'Tis thine to prove the bliss of human life,
And thine to *Silence* doom thy beauteous wife.
The fatal yes! that did thy peace restore
Thy *Jackson* chang'd to *Silence* evermore!

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the eleventh payment of 25 cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. III.

THE SUN.

BEHOLD! the portals of the sky
Unfolding strike th' admiring eye:
And as on golden hinge they turn,
With living flame they seem to burn.
The orient horizon glows:
And Phœbus, risen from repose,
Now mounts the skies (so poets feign)
To travel the celestial plain.
His steeds, caparison'd with light,
And glitt'ring in effulgence bright,
Press forward through the gates of day,
And ardent tread th' etherial way.
Forth from their nostrils living fires
Stream through the heav'ns in radiant spires;
And, as they Night's domain illume,
Chase tow'rd the west her sullen gloom.
Now, spreading golden glories far,
See, forward comes the splendid car,
Wherein the god of heat and light
Rides in sublimity and might;
Creation is rejoic'd to see
The bright, majestic deity,
Seated upon his rolling throne,
Where he in splendor reigns alone;
And views all nature, from on high,
With grateful, vivifying eye.
How beauteous, how sublime the sight,
To those whom thinking gives delight;
When great ideas are combin'd,
Of the great source, th' ALL-GLORIOUS MIND!
The rapt soul, by reflection borne
Backward to young creation's morn,
Sees the first sun in grandeur rise,
Gilding the new etherial skies,
And spreading o'er chaotic night
One burst of glory and of light.
'Twas a stupendous miracle!——
Is it now less? Say infidel!
Acknowledge an almighty pow'r,
(Thou can'st not doubt)—and GOD adore!
For us, he made his servant-sun,
Daily a destin'd course to run;
Life's secondary source and soul;
And Time's great rule, while ages roll:
His rising now, no less sublime
Than at the primal dawn of time,
Nor less a miracle!—but we
Accustom'd still the same to see,
The repetition ev'ry day
Wears striking novelty away.

Hail! potent soul of heav'n and earth,
Whence Vegetation draws her birth;
By whom each tribe in nature lives,
And its successive race survives.
Hail thou! whom, in the azure sky,
The friends of darkness swiftly fly:
Before whose face the stars grow dim,
And morning hides her blushing beam.
Hail! mighty author of the bow,
In which all colours blended glow;
The cov'nant-bow, the grateful sign,
Of goodness wond'rous and divine,
"That man, henceforth shall not again
"By Heav'n's avenging *flood* be slain."
Hail thou! by whose all-varying pow'rs,
Earth is refresh'd with gentle show'rs;
And who, though causing storms and rain,
Tempestuous skies dost calm again;
Whose penetrative, genial ray
Dispels and chases mists away.
Hail, fount of light! whose golden blaze
To countless worlds diffuses rays;
And spreads thy blessings all abroad,
Bright image of the Maker, GOD.
By thee, we nature's beauties view:
The wide expanse of heav'n's soft blue;
The lovely foliage of the woods;
The fruit trees deck'd with op'ning buds;
The silv'ry dew drops, that adorn,
With twinkling gems, the fragrant thorn;
The meadows, clad in verdant green,
Where thousand liquid pearls are seen;
The crystal streams, that gliding flow,
In silent lapse, those meadows through,
Whose flow'ry margins please the eyes
All beautified with nature's dyes.

Hail, king imperial of the sky,
Whose aged, ever waking eye
Hath ev'ry various nation known,
That dwelt beneath each various zone,
Surveys the present space of time,
With ev'ry race of ev'ry clime;
And shall, from thy bright throne on high,
View ev'ry age till Nature die.
Hail, source of heat and source of day,
Whom Pagans adoration pay;
Because their unenlighten'd mind
No better deity can find.—
With gratitude I hail thy beam,
Just emblem of the GOD SUPREME;
Whose love created, and whose grace
Preserves all worlds, through boundless space;
Whose care paternal, watching all,
Blesses his creatures, great and small.

JUNIO.

From the Repertory.

CUPID RUN AWAY.

Translated from the Greek of Moschus.

WHERE, where, is my son? exclaim'd Venus aloud.
Tell me, whether my darling has flown?
Has the runaway mixt on the road with the crowd,
Or wander'd away all alone?

To the finder a grateful reward there shall be,
A kiss for the boy I deplore;
But if you return him in safety to me
Courteous stranger! expect something more.

Distinguish'd midst thousands the boy you could name
Well known by his air, form, and size;
Not white is his skin, but refulgent as flame,
And fiery and keen are his eyes.

Though his voice all-melodious steals on the ear,
And far sweeter than honey its sound—
Oh! beware how you credit a word that you hear,
He is false, and but plotting to wound.

Should passion inflame him, most cruel his ire,
Though conceal'd by a treacherous smile;
His mischievous sport will your heart set on fire,
For the traitor delights to beguile.

His head with soft ringlets of auburn is deckt,
Health breathes on his aspect a glow;
Small, though nervous his hands, which the shaft can direct,
To the regions of Pluto below.

His person is naked, though cover'd his mind,
He is wing'd like a bird of the air;
Now he flies to assail unsuspecting mankind,
And now lights on the hearts of the fair.

Though the bow, Lilliputian, he bears in his hand,
Small his quiver and arrows to view—
Not the wounds can the gods, though immortal, withstand,
He has pierc'd even me through and through.

But though the dread authors of terrible woes,
These arms of the mischievous elf,
The diminutive flambeau he waves as he goes,
Has set fire to Apollo himself.

Bind him fast, though his eyelids in sorrow suffuse,
Nor, e'en though he laugh, let him slip:
Should he offer to kiss you, the offer refuse—
For poison distils from his lip.

Should he say—take this bow, and these arrows of mine,
This quiver too, if you desire—
Touch them not; but the dangerous presents decline,
For his arms are all pregnant with fire.

TERMS OF THE REPOSITORY.

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